

Terrace Bay Schreiber News

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The Last Word

by
Lynne Badger

Someone dropped off a copy of a hockey program from 1973-74 at the "News" office. I still do not know who it was but it is certainly interesting reading.

Ten years ago, there was a Junior hockey team in Terrace Bay called the Superiors. With a few exceptions the boys on the team had played together since Pee Wee age. As Pee Wees they won the Central Canada Pee Wee Elks Tournament in 1968. As Bantams, they won the North Shore Championship in 1972 and as Midgets they won the North Shore in 1972.

As the Terrace Bay Superiors, they played against the Schreiber North Stars, Atikokan Voyageurs, Thunder Bay Blades, Nipigon Rangers and the Marathon Mercs. To my knowledge only the Schreiber North Stars have carried on but I have heard rumours that Marathon may try to organize a team.

The Executive of the Superiors in 1973/74 were: President "Scotty" Hamilton, Sec. Treasurer Mary Dashkewytsch, Manager Stan Zwaresh, Coach George Dashkewytsch Jr., Equipment Manager Curtis Desrosiers, Fund Raisers Rick Hamilton and Mark Dashkewytsch, Game Officials Mike Kurylo and Jaak O'Javee, Publicity Les Kruger. The players whose pictures

Remember when

appear in the programme are: Maurice Cadieux, Paul Malashewski, Mark Dashewytsch, Rolly MoQuin, Jaak O'Javee, Pat Heenan, Ron Zwaresh, Bevin Schmitt, Rick Hamilton, Ed Zwaresh, Glenn Chepelsky and Mike Kurylo.

The Schreiber North Stars listed were: Terry Armstrong, Greg Caccamo, Mario Figliomeni, Bob (Boomer) Fummerton, Ian Fummerton, Doug Glad, Gerry Lux, Paul Martin, John McGrath, Morgan (Moose) McGrath, Bob McKenna, Pat McKenna, Rod McKenzie, Stephen Ross, Keith Scott, Mike Souliere, Rick Spadoni and Larry St. Jean. It sure would be nice to revive the old friendly rivalry!

A reminder that if you wish to place Christmas greetings to friends and customers, in the Christmas Issue, the deadline is Dec. 5 at 5 p.m. If you need an address to send letters to Santa, send them to the "News", box 579, Terrace Bay and when there is room they will be printed, then forwarded to the Jolly man himself.

Apologies to anyone who tried to reach us on Monday. We had an emergency.



Anchor

The Christmas season - A time of song

As it is the Christmas season I am reprinting in its entirety an article by Emma Marr Petersen written some years ago in one of our church magazines.

One of the oldest and most heart-warming customs in general use today is that of carols at Christmastime.

From earliest history of existing churches, festivals celebrating the birth of Christ were held in many places. Such festivals were known in England as "Christes Messa", or "Christ's Mass". This developed into the word "Christmas". Sometimes this word is represented as Xmas, because X is the Greek equivalent of Ch. and Ch. represents Christ.

Many years ago a young priest named Joseph Mohr was walking home one beautiful winter night through the

sparkling snow after having visited a lovely young mother who had just given birth to a baby boy. His thoughts turned to the Virgin Mary and the Christ-child, and he wished that he might write a hymn about them. He was awed by the majestic stillness and brightness of the night, and decided that the song would be simple, beautiful, reverent. At his desk when he arrived home he swiftly wrote the words "Silent night, holy night; All is calm. All is bright."

But a song without a melody is but half a song, and he knew little about music. The church organist Franz Gruber was a musician. Perhaps he would help. So Joseph Mohr hurried rapidly to the home of Herr Gruber and showed him the verses. Gruber immediately

caught the spirit of the Christmas song, and the melody with simple harmony was completed in less than an hour.

At the first performance of "Silent Night" the organ which was to furnish accompaniment was out of order and could not be used, so it was sung in two parts, melody and bass, with guitar accompaniment. Herr Gruber sang bass and played the instrument while Fr. Mohr and a local choir member sang the melody.

When it was first heard Gruber's wife exclaimed "We shall die, but this song will live." Frau Gruber's prophecy was fulfilled when a visiting organist heard it, copied and taught it to four gifted children who sang it in the neighbouring provinces, and later at the Leipzig Fair, before the King and Queen of Saxony, and on

many other occasions. It was taken to France, England, Russia, and America, and although Gruber died in poverty and obscurity, the melodious song he and Fr. Mohr composed had become immortal.

The custom of caroling dates to the year A.D. 129 when a Roman bishop called Telesphorus gathered a group at Christmas time to sing in honour of Christ's birth. Basically, traditional carolling has not changed. Down through the centuries it has always been a melodic expression of faith and hope, and has been based on the story of the nativity as told in Luke 2:1-14.

The exact origin of the word "Carol" is unclear, but some scholars believe it to be derived from the Latin word "Carolare", meaning "to sing". Others say

that it is a Greek word meaning "flute-player", and originally referred to the musicians who accompanied the chorales on flutes. The early carols were sung in Latin and were greatly popularised by St. Francis of Assisi who encouraged "jovial singing" at this season of the year.

By the fifteenth century Christmas carols had become more melodic and more easily sung, the words being simpler and more easily remembered.

Occasionally folk songs and pagan rites and other secular influences were combined with the religious flavour of the original carols. "Deck the halls with boughs of holly" illustrates this type, the melody of which originated in Wales, and was once adapted by Mozart for violin and

piano. "God rest you merry, gentlemen" was also sung by Cornishmen and also in mediaeval times by strolling musicians. Martin Luther who was a great lover of music, did much to advance the custom of carolling, and was thought to be the author of "Away in a manger."

Carols were outlawed in the time of Oliver Cromwell and remained so during much of the seventeenth century. For two hundred years in England the custom declined during which period Charles Dickens wrote the poignant story of "A Christmas Carol". He himself never heard a carol sung.

Even though forbidden by law the custom was carried on in many families, and composers continued to write more carols.

In the year 1719 George F. Handel fur-

nished a musical setting for the words of Isaac Watts, "Joy to the World", which was based on the ninety-eighth psalm. And in the same era of religious formalism (1730) John Wesley wrote "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing", as well as a great many other carols and hymns. These words were introduced into a cantata by Mendelssohn, and this is the arrangement most commonly used in our day.

Two of our loveliest carols are of European origin. "Angels we have heard on high", set to an old French melody, and "Lo, how a rose e'er blooming", which is a German 15th century poem set to an anonymous 16th century melody, and harmonised by Michael Preterorius.

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Arthur Black

Bird talk

Where do the birds sleep?
In the trees.

But how do they sleep?
Upright on branches,
Leaning against the trunks.

How do they keep from falling?

They sleep and the wind cradles them.

A few lines from a poem by Brenda Fleet. I liked them because I'd never stopped to think about how birds sleep, with their skinny little talons clamped on to a poplar branch or a hydro line. Know what would happen to you or me if we tried to sleep like that? Look Ma -- freeform pizza!

That's the thing about birds though ... one doesn't tend to think about them overmuch. Sometimes we borrow their imagined qualities and apply them derisively to fellow humans.

As in "turkey", "feather-brain" and "chicken-bleep", not to mention pigeon-toed and crow-footed. I think we are prone to dismiss birds as timid, largely irrelevant and ... well, bird-brained, I guess.

Which is a pity. Birds deserve better than that. Especially in the Respect Department. I remember the very first time it occurred to me that perhaps I should take geese more seriously. I was crossing a barnyard at the time, laden down with two buckets of bran for the horses. Suddenly, bearing down on me like a large white Lancaster bomber, screeching imprecations against me, my family and all my heirs and assigns was -- a goose?

I had seen this goose before, waddling about the barnyard. I paid him no more mind than I would a chicken or a turkey or any other feathered far-

myard habitue. This was the first time, however, I had placed myself between the goose and a gaggle of goslings he obviously felt rather protective towards. I've been chased by terriers, pomeranians, collies, german shepherds and even one Great Dane, but none of them frightened me any more than that goose did.

Which is why a lot of businessmen have decided that the goose makes a better watchdog than watchdogs do. I know of several golf courses, two breweries and even a German munitions factory that have forsaken the services of nightwatchmen and trained Dobermans. Now, each evening they just turn a couple of flocks of geese loose on the premises. Any intruder unwise enough to trespass, invariably sets off a cacophony of honking and hissing and flapping and pecking that makes a conventional

alarm system sound like a Bing Crosby lullaby.

Speaking of munitions factories, there's one down in Springfield, Massachusetts that's encountered an unusual avian precipitation problem.

At Smith & Wesson headquarters, it's raining golf balls. Smith & Wesson is the largest manufacturer of firearms in the U.S.A., but they don't have the firepower to withstand this invasion. Company executives have been forced to practice broken field running between the parking lot and the office doors as they dodge golf balls falling out of the heavens and boinging off the pavement, windshields and occasionally, well-toussured executive skulls.

The culprits? Seagulls. The birds have been picking up errant golf balls from the Smith & Wesson Company



Driving Range, taking them up to about 500 feet and dropping them all around the Smith & Wesson headquarters.

A company spokesman says the seagulls are mistaking golf balls for clams, and dropping them on the ground to smash them open -- something that seagulls have been known to do.

With clams. Personally, I figure the dumbest seagull ever to preen a tail feather could tell the difference between a clam shell and a Spaulding Three Dot. I think the gulls are making a political statement about Gun Control.

On behalf, no doubt, of their defenceless migrating brothers: ducks and geese.